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A Supplemented Offering

(Jane Ellis Joy, in 'American Messenger'.)

'Isn't this prayer-meeting night, dear?'

'O yes, mother,' answered Freda, with a forlorn look. 'I hadn't forgotten it, only —' There was a little bitterness in the young girl's smile—a missionary from China is to speak, and there will be a collection taken up for him. Is it worth while for me to walk eight squares there and eight squares back to give a penny—one mean little penny?'

'Yes, I think it is worth while, Freda,' said Mrs. Conig, who, by reason of a painful lameness was confined indoors herself. 'It isn't the amount you give that counts in the Lord's sight, you know; it's the love-spirit of the giving.'

'Yes, mother; I'm afraid I forget that sometimes, especially when I see Rose Powers putting a half-dollar on the collection plate. To-night I'll try to think of the widow's two mites, and what a blessed thing it is that the Saviour is still the same. Yes, I'm going.'

Freda felt inspired by her own brave words, which seemed to take an even stronger hold on her after they had been uttered. Quickly she made a few changes in her simple summer toilet, and was soon out on the street walking with that light-heartedness that comes to people who rise triumphant over obstacles. She had been tempted by her poverty to remain at home; but she had overcome.

'How I would have moped at home all evening, and worried poor mamma with my discontent,' she thought. 'Now I'll hear all about what's going on in the mission fields, and I can give my one cent with a prayer for God's blessing. Besides, as papa says, one's very presence at such gatherings is a help. The Lord can be served in other ways than by giving money to good causes; so, as I haven't money to give, I will just give what I have.'

It was still daylight. As Freda approached one of the little cross streets a little, bent, elderly woman carrying a large bundle stepped feebly on in front of her.

'I'll give what I have,' again thought Freda. 'I have strength;' and directly she was saying in her pleasant, cheery voice, 'Let me help you carry the bundle. It looks heavy for one.'

''Tis middlin' heavy, but I don't like to bother you, miss,' replied the old woman, her wrinkled face kindling with a smile.

'Helping won't bother me at all,' said Freda, adjusting the big bundle. She took hold of one end by a string, and the two walked along the street, the old woman being warmed by the friendly act into becoming communicative.

'I do a bit of washin' sometimes,' she said, 'and thankful I am to git it; for the folks I live with needs a sight of helpin'.' There was no hint of complaint in the tone; but rather a note of hope and cheerfulness that struck Freda strangely.

'Helping? Are you helping people?' she asked, trying not to show surprise.

'Well, yes,' said the old woman with a little apology. 'They ain't always needin'; but they be needin' now, because he's out of work, and she's got too many little children to leave at home, and then she ain't well, either. They've always been good to me, and I've lived with them for ten years.'

Prompted by sympathy rather than curiosity, Freda asked more questions, and the answers to them revealed the painful particulars of a case of great poverty and suffering. There was a cause for it, which the old woman in her story touched tenderly. The husband of the woman who was ill had lost his position through drinking, and not being able to find work elsewhere, he was becoming despondent.

'He's a good man when he lets liquor alone,' continued the old woman, returning to her habitual cheerfulness when the worst was told. 'He was well raised and used to be a church member. If only he could be kep' from drink! Do pray for him, dear. I've been a prayin' woman all my life time. Only for that I don't believe I'd a kep' up.'

'I will. I'll pray for you all,' said Freda, as they parted. Nor did she forget the promise.

When the meeting was over, and the collection plate handed to her, she placed her cent on top of the dollar bill that Rose Powers, sitting beside her, donated. But this evening Freda did not feel poor, or

ashamed of her gift. She was praying: 'Dear Lord, please accept this small offering and also my other little service done in thy name. And please bless me by blessing that poor family and by helping the husband and father to reform.' After the service she reported the case to one of the deaconesses of the church.

As the days passed Freda often thought of this family—the old woman so bravely taking the place of responsibility. What devotion! What faithfulness! What self-forgetfulness! And to be cheerful and hopeful in the midst of the shocking discouragements, and with the hard labor. Yes, it was easy to believe that she had been a 'praying woman all her life.'

The next prayer-meeting night a man rose at the close of the service in response to an invitation to express a desire for prayers, and said:

'If anyone ever needed help, human and divine, I do. I ask especially to be delivered from the temptation of drink.' As the man, apparently a stranger who had dropped in, proceeded to talk of his great desire to do better, Freda, sitting in a front seat, was struck with the similarity of his story to the one she had heard the week before. A glance back at the speaker convinced her of the man's identity, for there beside him sat the smiling old woman whose burden she had helped to carry.

Freda's heart bounded, and her eyes suffused with glad, grateful tears, as she



NOW I LAY ME.

realized that the Lord had accepted her service, and answered her prayer so directly. It was almost as if the Master himself was before her smiling approvingly.

How graciously God makes use of humble instruments to carry out his purposes. As with Freda, so with us, he accepts what we have to give.

Lead Thou Me On.

(Ola Livermore, in 'Standard.')

'Lead, kindly light'—'twas easy thus to sing

When all the way with flowers was blossoming,

'Neath sunny skies, and pastures green along,

My heart cried out with joy, 'Lead Thou me on!'

But when at length, lest pride should rule my will,

Thou didst send clouds the air with gloom to fill;

Wild tempests raged and all my peace was gone—

'Twas different, then, to say, 'Lead Thou me on!'

Thou'rt teaching me, resigned, to say through all,

'Keep Thou my feet,' lest in the dark I fall;

Lead, step by step, as on Thee, Lord, I lean—

'I do not ask to see the distant scene.'

Yea, since my life 'so long Thy power has blest,'

Thou knowest what for me, dear Lord, is best.

So, till, 'those angel faces' and that throng Celestial I shall see, 'Lead Thou me on.'

How the Prayer of Katie Douglas was Answered.

(Harriet R. Guild, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Katie Douglas was a little girl only six years of age, who had been led to Christ by her Sunday-school teacher. She had studied her Bible enough to know what being a Christian meant, and she had learned the beauty of service. But Katie had a burden on her mind and heart which caused her to lose much of the joy which she might have otherwise experienced. Her father and mother and brothers and sisters were not Christians. Each night before going to sleep she had asked God that they might learn to love him, but her quiet prayers seemed to make no impression on an ungodly home.

A revival was in progress in the church where she was accustomed to attend Sunday-school, and she was finally successful in persuading her people to attend.

After a most searching and convincing sermon by the pastor and an appeal to the unsaved to come forward and take their places at the altar, the pastor was surprised to see Katie, who had been seated at the rear of the church, wedge her way through the crowd and kneel down with a number of others who had accepted the invitation and had come to seek Christ.

The pastor, upon noticing the child in her rather conspicuous place, and fearing lest she might create a disturbance and thus become a barrier in the way of those who were seeking the Saviour, decided to

go to her during the interval of prayer and tell her to return to her seat in the rear end of the room.

As soon as circumstances would warrant it he went forthwith to where Katie was kneeling. But as he drew nearer to her he heard her breathing forth a little petition to her heavenly Father, 'O Jesus, bless my papa and my mamma. O Jesus, bless my sisters and my brothers. Amen.'

As those words ascended through the stillness of that solemn night, the pastor's heart softened and the entreaty seemed to come to him as it did to the disciples on that other occasion when Christ was here upon earth and children clamored to see him. 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

To deny Katie the privilege of communing with God would now have seemed to the pastor a sin almost too black to be forgiven.

On the following night when sinners were again gathered about the altar Katie Douglas wended her way up to the front and once more took her place among the crowd. She was again heard to repeat the message, 'O Jesus, bless my papa and my mamma. O Jesus, bless my sisters and my brothers.'

While Katie was still praying this simple little prayer a young man and woman came forward and knelt beside her at the altar and surrendered themselves to God. This was a brother and a sister for whom the child had been pleading. Ere the meeting closed the other brother and sister likewise came forward and likewise repented of their sins. What a beautiful picture that was! Four young men and women at the feet of Jesus, seeking pardon for their sins.

But the picture is not yet complete. The papa and mamma for whom the little daughter prayed are still in the background.

Just before the close of this service, however, when the question was asked where the next meeting should be held, for it was customary to hold the village revival meetings in the several homes of the church people, Katie's father said, 'For God's sake hold it at my home.' The father and mother both sought the Lord, and they too were added to his kingdom.

Several years have elapsed since the incident in the little country church occurred, and Katie Douglas has done much in Christ's vineyard since then. But never has she forgotten the joy which was hers as she witnessed the coming of the entire family into the fold.

His 'Shillin' or Two.'

Here is a characteristic anecdote of James Tyson, bushman, the wealthy, benevolent, and eccentric Australian, a sketch of whose life appeared not long ago in these pages:

A few years ago, when the large cathedral of Brisbane was in course of construction, a collector for the building fund called upon a well-known mercantile firm for a subscription, but he was politely told that he should go to the rich people, who might be in a better position to 'help the work along.'

'Go to Jimmy Tyson—he has more than any of us.' Up to that time the name of the late Mr. James Tyson, the Queensland millionaire, had never been seen on any

list for more than a comparatively small sum.

'Well,' said the collector, 'as Tyson is a rich man, I will go to him for a donation.'

'Do,' said the head of the firm; 'and whatever he gives you we will guarantee the same amount.'

The collector, a few days after, called upon Mr. Tyson, and related to him what had taken place, and concluded by saying:

'So, Mr. Tyson, I do not know what amount the other firm is going to give until I have your name on my list.'

'Well,' said Mr. Tyson, in a gruff voice, 'give me your pen and ink, and I'll give ye a shillin' or two.'

'Jimmy' then went into a private room, and, writing out a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars, gave it to the astonished collector.—'C.E. World.'

Incidental Lessons.

Incidents arise in every school which the skilful teacher may turn to good advantage in inculcating a moral lesson. A child has lost his dinner, who will share with him? Who will contribute to the cleanliness, the comfort, and the adornment of the schoolhouse? Who will refrain from injuring or soiling the schoolhouse in any way? Not a day or an hour passes without affording an opportunity for repressing actions that will give pain to others. The attendance at school of a deformed child, or one so differing from the others as to attract attention, may be made the occasion for deep and lasting moral impressions, and the school life of the unfortunate may be made so pleasant by the affectionate attitude of his schoolmates as to compensate, to a large extent, for the privations which his unfortunate condition entails. A case of destitution in the neighborhood may occasion the voluntary offer of service which requires sacrifice of pleasure, time and comfort; and when this is accomplished a great step is gained in the triumph of duty over selfishness.

Care must be taken by the teacher in all such cases that the good deed has a distinct recognition; and care must also be taken that the feeling excited, and the consequent benevolent action, shall be directed to cases of real distress; for misapplied benevolence and sacrifice always lead to evil results.—'Johannot's Principles and Practice of Teaching.'

Postal Crusade.

GOLD FOR THE POSTAL CRUSADE.

'A Friend' has sent me a bright and beautiful \$5.00 gold piece for literature to be sent to India. Will the kind giver please mail the address of the missionary mentioned. In the meantime I will make enquiries. The name is not familiar to me.

With many thanks, faithfully,

M. EDWARDS-COLE.

Address until September—Thurso, Que.

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Steve's Friend

(Katherine Tynan, in 'Christian World.')

The tenement house which little Steve occupied in company with some half-hundred other human beings looked out over the railway line. It was the dirty and squalid line which encircles the greatest of cities. If it had been a line which ran away to the country it would have looked different, Steve thought; but it was like himself, destined to a treadmill round of the dreary town without a chance of escape.

The windows of the house were coated with such an accumulation of smuts that the light could hardly peep through. There was grass on the sides of the cutting, but it was a sadder thing than the dust which the March winds blew about so blindingly. Such poor, stunted, dirty grass! Steve often wondered how it had the heart to grow.

Steve had no one belonging to him. He existed on the common charity of the crowded house. His mother had been a flower-girl, who had died of pneumonia in a hard winter, and no one had ever thought when she died of sending Steve to the poor-house. Perhaps it was not so much deliberate charity as that it was nobody's business, and with so many children on the staircases and in the narrow street between the high, dreary houses, one child more or less hardly mattered.

If Steve belonged to one family more than to another it was to Brady's, the occupier of the south room on the fifth floor. Mrs. Brady was a widow and went out charring. There were five little Bradys, all, like Steve, under the school attendance age. Mrs. Brady's way with them was to lock them out of the room if it was dry, in if it was wet, after she had given them their breakfast of a morning, and then go about her business. Each young Brady was first, however, presented with a hunch of bread for his or her dinner, which was eaten, to save the trouble of keeping, as soon as the maternal back was turned, and then empty stomachs were the order of the day till the mother came home at night.

To this forlorn little family Steve attached himself, watching over it much as a careful nurse might do amid the perils of the streets. By this he earned the right to 'doss' in the Brady's room at night, which was much preferable to a bed on the landing. By-and-by his occupation would be gone, for these children of the streets learn early to take care of themselves; but Steve was not one to look before, and for the day he hugged greedily as much of home and home-ties as his connection with the Bradys afforded.

He had one taste shared by none other in the street. That was a great love of flowers or anything that brought him the the country. The feeling for the country which he had never seen was in his heart like the desire of the children of sailors for the sea. Sometimes he seemed to get a breath of it when the wind was in the west. At times during the long, long days he would adventure to the main thoroughfare, dragging the youngest Brady by the hand, and stand staring at a florist's window, till the shopman, suspecting larcenous designs, would order him away.

He was happy for the day if he was lucky enough to pick up a flower someone had dropped. This taste of his had not gone unnoticed even in Greek street; and the daughter of the greengrocer at the corner would sometimes give him a handful of wilted flowers for himself. Once, for an ecstatic week or so, he had possessed a small fern in a pot which Mrs. Brady had good-naturedly begged for him from the gardener of one of the houses where she worked. It had met with an accident, crashing off the window-sill into the cutting below, and though Paddy Brady had occasioned all the mischief, Mrs. Brady, after whacking her son, was so angry with the cause of her wrath that Steve never dared hope for a growing thing in a pot again.

His eccentricity was put down in Greek street to an inheritance from his flower-girl mother, just as the little Bradys had the brogue and the impulsiveness of the country they had never seen.

It was this impulsiveness in Micky Brady that made the turning point in Steve's life. They were standing gazing into the florist's window one day when the March wind felt like May; turning Steve's thoughts in the direction of wondering whether, hampered by Micky Brady, he could accomplish a walk to a certain growing stretch of herbage, whereupon real, if very dirty, sheep grazed, and from which a line of trees was visible, which indicated to Steve all he guessed at of the country. The thought had come into his mind of a sudden, making his heart beat. The florist had just bid him begone for the ninth time. Each time Steve, who was a docile child, had retired obediently, only to creep back again almost unconsciously as the flowers drew him, and their terrible guardian passed out of sight.

Suddenly Micky, whose small hand had been wriggling about in Steve's unnoticed for some time, so absorbed was Steve in his contemplation of the flowers, got loose and dashed away. There was a shout. Steve made an agonized dart after the little three-year-old figure. In a second of time he saw many things—little Micky crushed under the feet of the great horse that was steadily bearing down upon him, the anguish of Mrs. Brady, who had been his one friend, his own life-long disgrace; this and much more was in his mind as he flew upon Mick's track.

The waggoner was the other side of the horse. Steve could see the stout country feet, lifting themselves as steadily as the horse lifted his great feet, with the fringes of coarse hair down to the hoofs. The waggoner had no idea of Micky's peril. Would he cross in front of the horse safely? Would he not? The question was answered by Mick's suddenly falling almost under the great hoofs. At the same moment Steve was upon him and had flung him away roaring lustily at the assault as he took it. But Steve was caught. Something crashed down upon his hips, pinning him to the ground. Steve closed his eyes. The pain for an instant was sickening. He thought the train had caught him at last against the wall of the tunnel as he had so often dreamt. But why was Micky screaming? Micky was free of the tunnel. It was only he, Steve,

who had been ground to powder. Then there was forgetfulness.

He came to himself in the ward of the children's hospital. He had seen the outside of it many a time, but he had never guessed it to be like this. He was so shut up in something that he could not move, but he smelt wallflowers somewhere near his bed. Turning his eyes from one side to another he could see a long row of little white-curtained beds. There were faces on some of the pillows, but others were empty. Away at the end of the long ward he could hear children talking and laughing about the fire.

Presently a little boy on crutches came down the ward, and, seeing Steve, called out, 'I say, Sister, here's 227 awake.' Then a dark-eyed young lady with white teeth came and stood by him and smiled at him, and asked him how he felt, and fed him with something delicious out of a little flowery cup with a long spout.

'You're going on very nicely,' she said; 'and if you're a very good little boy, perhaps you'll be able to see your friend on Sunday.'

'My friend, miss?'

'Your friend who brought you here'

Of course it could only be Mrs. Brady, though Steve wondered how she came to be about when he met with the accident.

'Micky wasn't hurt, was he, miss?' he asked, anxiously.

'Micky?' The nurse looked puzzled for an instant, then she seemed to understand. 'Oh, I remember, the child you got hurt in trying to save. No, he wasn't hurt. He's all right, I believe. Now don't talk any more, dear, but sleep if you can.'

With little intervals of pain and rest from pain, Steve got round the week till Sunday came. There was no inflammation, and Dr. Heys thought that the little chap in 227 bed might certainly see his friend, if the latter was quiet and stayed only a short time.

When the visitors came tip-toeing down the ward amid shrieks of delighted recognition from many little beds, Steve's heart fell. There was no Mrs. Brady. She had forgotten him. But who was this big man with the country freshness on his cheeks and the mild blue eyes, with the great bunch of wallflowers and daffodils, and the obvious eggs tied up in a red and white cotton handkerchief, who walked softly to the chair by Steve's bed, and took up his place there? Steve felt a dreadful certainty that it was all a mistake, and the visitor not for him; but the mild, serious eyes had no doubt in their gaze.

'The Sister told me as I might come and see how you was,' he said, in a voice subdued to the softest key possible, though it was naturally a big voice to match the big man.

'But I never saw you before,' said Steve, weakly; 'isn't it another boy you want?'

'I want the boy my Dobbin knocked down in the Dover road last Monday. Not as he'd ever 'ave done it, but that he didn't see you, nor yet the little shaver as was the cause on it all.'

'Oh,' said Steve; 'it's very good of you to come.'

Steve's friend came many Sundays before Steve was able to get on crutches and

hop about the ward. His hip had been broken, and he was hardly likely ever to walk without lameness; the most the kind doctor hoped for was that he would not be very lame as he grew stronger. Steve wouldn't have minded much if he had been told that he was to be an inmate of the hospital for life. In fact he would have liked it. He liked the doctor, he liked the nurses, he liked the other sick children—above all he liked John Grainger's visits on Sundays, and these, no doubt, would cease when presently Steve went back to Greek street.

Mrs. Brady had come one Sunday, and her visit that day had excluded John Grainger's. It had disturbed Steve so much that the doctor had barred her admittance afterwards. Steve's soul was so proud and sensitive as though he had grown in a palace instead of in a gutter, and it fretted him dreadfully that Mrs. Brady should only think of him as having led Micky into danger, instead of having saved him at the cost of his own suffering and permanent disablement. Poor Mrs. Brady was quite kind-hearted, but chronically miserable, her burden being too great for her nervous shoulders. It was always a relief to her when she could blame someone.

'Not that woman again, please, Sister,' were the doctor's orders, 'but the big man, whose voice is like the hum of bees, as often as he comes.'

John Grainger did not seem to get tired of coming as the weeks grew to months. Sunday after Sunday he sat by Steve's bed in the ward, or by the open window when summer at length arrived and Steve was able to sit in a basket chair and look out on the courtyard with the few beds of hardy flowers in its shabby turf. In those visits it was wonderful how much the boy came to know about the man. All the simple quiet life, with its joys and its sorrows, he came to read like a book. He knew that John Grainger had lost his wife and son and was lonely without them for ever. He knew the house with its green porch, standing back from the road, where the windows had green outside the shutters. There was a little kitchen, and a bedroom and a parlor, and all day while John Grainger was away Trusty, his collied, lay in the shelter of the porch and guarded his master's property. In the parlor there was an old man and woman, in a shell house, one of whom came out for fine weather, the other, with an umbrella, for wet. There was a fine glass ball with a little house in it, and when you shook it the snowstorm raged inside it. There were Scripture pieces on the wall in sampler stitch, and the most beautiful fruit in wax under a glass shade on the table. Outside there was a little kitchen and flower garden with a hedge of sweet briar, and there were beehives under a roof of thatch on a stool by the house-wall. Beyond were the fields where John Grainger earned his living by growing flowers, fruit and vegetables. Yesterday it might be daffodils, to-day asparagus, lettuce and young peas, to-morrow strawberries.

John was an epitome of the seasons as they came. He had begun by bringing violets and daffodils; then came anemones and little sprays of lilies of the valley. One Sunday there was a bush of flowering may, big as a Christmas tree. Now this last Sunday of all there were roses.

This day Steve presented a very different aspect from the dirty and ragged boy who had come in the day of the accident. He supposed they had burnt his old clothes. Anyhow, it was a pleasure to find himself in a clean linen smock, with knickerbockers underneath, and stout shoes and grey woollen stockings, even if he had to share them with Paddy Brady presently.

'Tis the last Sunday I'll be comin' to see 'ee here,' said John Grainger.

'Yes,' said Steve, and in spite of him a big tear escaped down his cheeks. Life wouldn't be more tolerable in Greek street now that he was lame.

'Ye'll be ready noon a-Wednesday. I've got strawberries for Covent Garden, an'll be back by that time.'

'I'm to see you again, then?' said Steve, with an uplifting of the heart.

'Bless 'ee, didn't think I was goin' for ever?'

'Shall I see you in Greek street, then?' asked Steve, with a new hope.

'Th'art not goin' to Greek street no more. Th'art goin' home wi' me.'

'With you!'

'Aye, little lad, place of him I lost. You're nobody's bairn, they tell't me over yonder, but you're mine. We'll never leave each other.'

Steve closed his eyes and lay back. At first the joy seemed too much for him. 'Oh, sir!' was all he could say.

'Not, sir, Steve, but Daddy,' said John Grainger, taking one of Steve's thin hands and crushing it between his own.

Then Dr. Heys came in and smiled at them, and the two Sisters came up and looked, and smiled and went away, and during the rest of the visit neither Steve nor John Grainger spoke, but sat hand in hand with a bashful delight in each other.

After three days packed full of the painfully sweet anticipation, Steve was carried out in his new father's arms, with his crutch across his shoulder, and set in a comfortable old straw chair in a great empty-roofed waggon smelling deliciously of strawberries. A basket of strawberries was placed in his lap, and John Grainger, sitting just under the tilt of the waggon, drove Dobbin at a walking pace through the dreary miles of streets.

But at last they passed the last row of squalid dwellings and the last of the brick-fields and came out among the fields, and then Dobbin broke into a steady trot, and the air grew purer and sweeter, and there were wide fields and woods, and sometimes they passed a bridge over a stream, or they went through a village of the most delightful cottages, bowered in roses.

It was all more exquisite than Steve could have believed possible, though he had listened greedily to the tales of happy children who had gone on Sunday-school treats into the country.

About four o'clock in the afternoon they reached the cottage of Steve's dreams, and he was set down in the little flagged yard while Dobbin was taken out and turned into his own paddock, and Trusty came and laid his head on Steve's knee.

'He fretted sore when little Willie was taken,' said John Grainger, watching the dog.

Afterwards he carried Steve into the cottage, and setting him down in the chim-

ney-corner began to light the fire and boil the kettle for tea.

'You'll do all this, lad, i' the time to come, an' mak' the tay when Dobbin an' me turns the corner o' the road,' he said.

But Steve was looking about him in bewildered happiness. The birds were singing in the little cottage garden without, and there was a sleepy hum of bees, and the cottage was flooded through its open door with sunshine and warmth. Steve felt as though he had died and wakened up in heaven. Were all the days to come to be really like this?

John Grainger had boiled a generous supply of eggs, had made the tea hot, strong and sweet, and had set a cup of it, with a great slab of home-made bread, served with honey, before Steve. All the time he was gravely smiling to himself.

'Seems as though Willie were come back,' he said at last. 'It was lonely here this goodish while back.'

Without a Guide.

Several dreadful accidents occurred recently in the Alps, involving loss of life and widespread sorrow. In each instance an adventurous climber attempted to ascend lofty and icy peaks, by perilous paths, without the help of a guide. These ambitious young men were warned of the dangers which they dared, and of the risks which they incurred, but eager, light-hearted and confident of themselves they laughed at warning, and perished on the icy slopes or at the foot of some deep precipice. Is not the moral course of multitudes fitly symbolized by the incidents of disaster to which we have briefly adverted? To attempt the work and the journey of life, involving hardship, peril, suffering, trial and assailment of a manifold sort; to set out on a course that may last through scores of years, and yet which may, without notice, summarily end; to do all this without availing oneself of the assistance and knowledge of a guide, when one is at hand—is not this a foolish and heedless policy? Does it not forebode ruin?

There stands along the highway of life at every turning point a guide-board, containing simple and urgent directions taken from a Book which is a lamp for human feet and a light for all earthly paths. There comes to every instructed child, to every thoughtful youth, to every awakened soul, at certain times especially, if not every day, a divine voice, offering companionship, comfort, wise counsels, help in trouble, and guidance through perplexed and tangled thickets of difficulty. To those who trust in Jesus Christ as a divine Lord the assurance comes from his own lips, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Why venture, then, along untrodden defiles and slippery roads, alone and unaided, when he offers safety, instruction, and help, along with his own companionship for every step of the way from earth to heaven?—'S.S. Times.'

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What Priscilla Missed

(Isabella Gay, in 'Good Cheer.')

Aunt Clarissa had returned from the station, where she had gone to see her sister, Mrs. Pell, start on her homeward journey, and was now sitting before the fire, pondering deeply. Her thoughts were not pleasant, because Sister Lucia—Mrs. Pell—had said that Priscilla was utterly selfish. Priscilla was the niece of both ladies, and the darling of Aunt Clarissa, who had had entire charge of her for eight years, and who in all humbleness had tried to do her best for the child in every way.

'She is very pretty, very dainty, takes very easily to accomplishments and all that, but she thinks only of herself; she doesn't even dream that anybody else could be of as much importance as she is. It is a sad fault,' said Aunt Lucia.

Naturally this verdict was depressing to Aunt Clarissa. 'I have made a grave mistake somewhere,' she concluded.

Just then Priscilla came in from school. She glanced around the room with a look of relief.

'Aunt Lucia has gone, I see,' she said in a sweet, clear voice.

'Yes,' said Aunt Clarissa mechanically.

Priscilla smiled. 'Has the postman been here?'

'Yes; there is something for you in the library.'

Priscilla danced out of the room like a bit of thistledown, and fitted in again in a moment.

'It has come,' she said joyfully, holding up a thick cream-colored envelope. 'It is an invitation to Elsie's Stapleford's party. Some of the girls got theirs this morning. I was just a little wee bit scared; I thought maybe I wouldn't get one. But here it is, and the next question is, what shall I wear?'

'You'll wear your blue silk, won't you?'

'That old thing! wear it to a party at the most splendid house in town?' exclaimed Priscilla softly. 'No, indeed, auntie. I would stay at home first.'

'I don't see how I can get you a new dress,' said Aunt Clarissa very gravely, looking at her niece's flushed, pretty face. 'You know how straitened we are for money this winter, dear. If I had gotten my dividends as usual it would be different. As it is we have enough to live on comfortably and no more.'

Priscilla turned, holding her head very high, and looked at the fire.

'Every dollar has been given its place,' went on Aunt Clarissa; 'so much for meat and groceries, light and fuel, church and charity—'

'Aunt Clarissa,' interrupted Priscilla eagerly, 'why need you give anything this winter to charity when you have less than usual for yourself? I have heard it said that charity begins at home.'

'We will not talk about it, but remember this, Priscilla, that only under great pressure of circumstances will I take one penny from what I have set aside for the poor.'

Priscilla sat down and let her eyes rest on her boots. She had detected a new note in her aunt's tones.

'I'd be perfectly willing to do without meat for a month or two,' she murmured.

'I would not,' was the dry rejoinder, and again Priscilla's fine ear heard the new

sound. She looked at her aunt, who was looking at her in a new, strange way.

Priscilla rose. 'I will send regrets to Elsie,' she said simply, and nobody would have called her voice and face sweet then.

She went out of the room, and Aunt Clarissa sat before the fire and thought long and hard.

At last she rose to her feet quickly. 'I'll do it,' she said. 'I simply can't bear to see her so disappointed. Why didn't I think of it before?'

She went to the door and called Priscilla, who came in presently, very pale and quiet.

'Priscilla, I have a little fund of twenty-five dollars in the Agriculturists' Bank. It is really a little more than that, for I put it there two years ago, and it must have earned a couple of dollars by this time. It had all but slipped my mind. Would twenty-seven dollars get you a party dress?'

'Yes, auntie,' said Priscilla pensively. 'Perhaps we can make twenty-seven dollars do, but it is not very much, you know. Now, when shall we buy the things?'

'To-morrow would suit me very well.'

'Oh, I can't go to-morrow; I'm going to the park to skate.'

'Suppose we say Saturday morning, then?'

'That will do.'

Priscilla was very happy. For the next day or two her talk was of tints and tones, silks and satins, lace and chiffon, until Aunt Clarissa was weary. But she would not say a word to mar Priscilla's pleasure.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast, Priscilla remarked that she would run over to see why Grace Miller was not at school the day before; it must be that she was sick.

'If you do, remember not to stay very long; we must go down town before noon,' said Aunt Clarissa warningly.

'I won't be gone but a little while.' A moment later Priscilla was skimming along the street.

It was half-past ten before Aunt Clarissa had finished her tasks and was about to get ready to go down town. Priscilla had not yet returned.

The bell rang. A gentleman, who was Aunt Clarissa's business adviser, called to say a few words of caution. What he said made her look very anxiously at the clock. Immediately after he had gone she went upstairs and dressed herself for shopping, even to putting on her gloves. And still her niece was absent. It was a quarter past eleven.

At a quarter of twelve Priscilla rushed in.

'Did you think I was never coming?' she asked, laughingly. 'I had no idea it was so late. Grace wanted me to play duets with her, and Will wanted me to accompany him on his violin, and the time slipped away before I knew it. But we'll go now.'

'It is too late.'

'Too late! Why is it, Aunt Clarissa?'

'The banks close at noon on Saturday.'

Priscilla stood mute in astonishment.

'I would have called for you, but you had taken my rubbers, and I can't walk two yards on such ice.'

Priscilla flushed; she turned, and went into the library without a word.

The flush was still on her cheeks when they sat at the luncheon table.

'Perhaps we can go down town on Monday after school?' she ventured to her aunt.

'No; that is my afternoon for going to the Reading Club.'

'Would you mind very much if you didn't go, just this once, auntie?'

'Yes, Priscilla, I would mind it very much. We are to read from Carlyle this time, and afterward there is to be a discussion of him.'

Priscilla looked down and said nothing. Her disappointment was evident.

On Monday afternoon when she came home from school she found that Aunt Clarissa had gone to her club. Priscilla had hoped that she would not in spite of the discussion of Carlyle, knowing that she, Priscilla, wanted so much to buy her dress. Still she had gone, and her pretty niece felt a little injured.

It was six o'clock when Aunt Clarissa came home.

Priscilla looked up at her and smiled a little.

'Oh, my dear child!' exclaimed Aunt Clarissa, sitting down beside her.

'What is it?'

'I am so sorry, so very sorry, but, Priscilla dear, Mr. Miller sent word this morning that the Agriculturists' Bank has failed. They closed their doors at noon on Saturday and will not open them again.'

Priscilla looked startled, then she comprehended, and burst into tears. She laid her head in her aunt's lap and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Aunt Clarissa smoothed her hair tenderly. 'I do not like to say anything to add to your trouble, dear, but tell me this: who do you think is to blame for it?'

'I am,' wept Priscilla. 'I am to blame from beginning to end. Oh, auntie, I've been a horrid, selfish girl. I deserve this. If I had done as you asked me to do I would have my dress now. It's right that I should be the only one to suffer.'

'But you are not the only one to suffer. You are so dear to me that whatever pleases or grieves you must please or grieve me. Can't you see this?'

'Oh, yes, yes, auntie.'

Then there was a long silence. Priscilla's sobs grew less and less frequent and finally ceased. At last she lifted her head and looked at her aunt.

'Auntie, I've been hideous. It has come over me like a flash. It's not your fault; you've always set me the sweetest example of kindness and gentleness and charity, and I've never profited by it. But I will. I'm glad this disappointment has come to me. I'll remember it all my life, and it will do me good.'

Then Aunt Clarissa wept a little too. 'I'm afraid I have not been very wise with you, Priscilla.'

'You haven't lectured me as much as I needed, and when I have been bad to you you haven't told me of it very often. But you must tell me in the future, auntie, you really must, else I'll never be half as nice and good as you are, and I do so want to be. Now give me your cloak and bonnet, and I'll put them away, and then we'll have tea. And I'm going to be just as cheerful, and we won't even think party again.'

The Way You Do It.

(Sydney Dare, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

'Up, up, girls and boys, all.'

'Well, well. Not half-past six yet.'

'And Aunt Janet calling up.'

'How could she get into the hall to do it? Well, we must be quick.'

Two girls made ready to go down as soon as possible.

'What's up?' asked Harvey, as they passed his door.

'Aunt Janet is—certainly. And we are. That's all we know as yet.'

Aunt Janet, partly helpless with a sprained foot, was now back on her lounge ready to greet the girls with a good-morning smile.

'Oh, Aunt Janet, how did you get across the room? And why—?'

'Why are you called so early? Well, my dears, it was to give you opportunity to show your mettle. Harvey, too,' as he now joined them. 'Jane is gone.'

'When?'

'Early this morning. For a week.'

'A—week?'

'Yes, you know how she has been tossed up in her mind hearing of her mother being sick—her work for several days past really half done—but small blame to her, poor girl. An early telegram came, and she is off.'

'And mother away.'

'Do you think we can find a substitute for Jane?' asked Emily, anxiously.

'It's dreadfully hard finding girls just now,' said Ruth. 'All the farmers' girls stay at home in summer. Can you think of anyone, auntie?'

'O yes, dears, I have thought of two.'

'Not two?'

'Yes, and a nice smart boy to help and wait on them.'

Aunt Janet laughed so meaningly that there was no mistaking her.

'You mean us.'

'Yes, I mean you.'

'But,' Ruth's brow clouded, 'I never did like housework. I don't mind Emily and I settling things upstairs as we do when Jane has done sweeping, but—there will be the meals, and all the kitchen work.'

'Yes,' Aunt Janet spoke, soberly. 'And no help from me. Rather, I suppose, a little waiting on me.'

'As if we were not always glad to do that, auntie.'

'I'm sure of it, my dears. And now you have a week before you in which to do good, faithful work.'

'I don't like it at all,' as the two entered the kitchen, which showed in its disorder ample evidence that Jane's mind had of late wandered far from her work.

'She must have dropped things in a hurry. The fire's out and no coffee ground.'

'I'll tell you what,' said Ruth, 'we'll take things as easily as we can. We'll simply do what is necessary to keep things moving and let the rest go. It will be for only a week, and when Jane comes back she can soon get things evened up. Harvey, will you bring us some kindling?'

'What an awful looking wood-shed,' he said, discontentedly, as he hunted for something to split. 'Everything in such a clutter. I can hardly find anything.'

'It would have been bad enough if she had gone away, leaving everything in or-

der for us,' Ruth joined his grumble. 'But to begin like this.'

'Well, we can't have it much worse when she comes back,' said Emily, with a laugh.

The breakfast carried to Aunt Janet was faultless in its fair linen, pretty china and careful preparation. But little could be said in commendation of the breakfast to which the three sat down.

'I thought you'd make an omelet,' said Harvey.

'It's so much easier having the eggs plain boiled.'

'This toast is half burned and half white.'

'You didn't bring us enough wood.'

'No fried potatoes?'

'It makes so much work washing pans,' said Ruth. 'You know we've agreed to get along without doing much.'

'I want you, dears,' said Aunt Janet, after breakfast, 'to arrange your work so as not to miss the lawn party this afternoon. I know there is a good deal to do, this being sweeping day, but we can have an early dinner. Divide up the work to suit yourselves.'

'Parlor, dining-room, sitting-room and hall to sweep and dust. And—that kitchen!'

'Let us get at that with a rush and be out of it as soon as we can,' proposed Ruth. 'Then, you sweep and I'll dust.'

'The worst of it is,' said Emily, 'if we leave things half done it will be so hateful to have to come back to it.'

'That's one of the disagreeable things we shall have to stand.'

'I hope no one will happen in on us,' said Ruth, as they at length gladly closed the kitchen door behind them.

'I never was sorry before that this is such a big room,' said Ruth, as with a face plainly showing discontent with her task, she brought the broom to the sitting-room. 'It's bright and roomy, but such a trouble to clean. But I'm not going deep into things. I needn't sweep in the corners, and these little rugs needn't be moved. I guess Em will wish there was not quite so much bric-a-brac about when she comes to the dusting.'

'Suppose we have Aunt Janet out to dinner,' she later proposed to Emily.

'But then we'll have to be so careful about the dining-room—and about the dinner.'

'Sure enough, so we won't.'

When Emily came to the dusting she showed a skill equal to that of her sister in dusting in front of and around the small articles instead of taking time to move them. As the upstairs work was done with the same careful avoidance of extra trouble there was plenty of time for the getting of the early dinner.

Aunt Janet smiled lovingly when hers was brought.

'What dear, busy girls,' she said, taking a hand of each in her own. 'I can fancy exactly how things have gone under the dainty, willing hands of our two maids.'

The maids exchanged plances.

'Is your dinner ready?'

'Yes. We're waiting for Harvey to bring some fruit.'

'Then sit down and take breath for a moment. I am sure such workers must be tired. I know there are some things about it that you would not choose, but I

am not at all certain, dears, that I am sorry you are given this little opportunity of faithful service. In my thought I have followed you all the morning, picturing to myself the painstaking care with which you are helping in keeping bright the dear home.'

'And all the week,' Aunt Janet hadn't a preachy way, merely a pleasant, chatty one, 'you will keep in mind—in bringing your best to this work, which to some would seem a succession of trifles, you are serving as acceptably as if the things were greater things. It is really, you know, a helping of the Lord in keeping this great world of his running. For, all over the land are homes which are made sweet and bright by hands, which, like yours, are doing as unto the Lord.'

Ruth was gazing into her sister's eyes in a consternation born of a sudden rush of new and startling ideas.

'Oh, Aunt Janet,' she broke out, as her aunt paused, 'you wouldn't talk so if you knew.'

'We haven't been doing things that way—'

'We've been neglecting and shirking and slighting things all the morning.'

Harvey came in without the fruit.

'They hadn't any at Russel's,' he said, 'and I didn't think it worth while to go on to Hart's. I thought you could get out some canned stuff and make that do.'

'Yes, yes, that's what we've been doing all day,' said Ruth, 'making things do and letting things go.'

The three sat down to their dinner with sober faces.

'As unto the Lord,' Ruth repeated the words under her breath. 'It frightens me. Aunt Janet seemed to spring it on us, but after all it's the same thing mother talks about—that all we do ought to be so. And think what work we have been offering to the Lord to-day. How do we dare?'

'Well, there's no use in our all being down about it,' said Emily. 'We haven't done well, but we can. We have made a poor beginning, but we can begin over. Now, I'm not going to let such work as that stand any longer than I can help. I'm going to stay at home this afternoon and do it over.'

'And lose the party?'

'Yes. It only serves us right—I mean "us" if you are going to stay, too.'

'I will.'

'Good for you,' said Harvey, admiringly. 'I'm with you all the time, for it's been me as much as you. I won't make you keep calling on me for wood. I'll set the woodshed straight and I'll walk till I find some fresh fruit.'

'There is a real satisfaction in it, after all,' said Ruth, as late in the day they gladly sat down for a little rest.'

'Yes, my mind is full of cleaned-out cupboards, shining glass and silver and white dish towels. And of well-swept corners and no dust anywhere.'

'We shan't dread going into the kitchen now,' with a sigh of content.

'And we'll have Aunt Janet out to tea.'

'This certainly is "drudgery divine,"' said Aunt Janet, as her chair was drawn to the table.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS



Tick, Tick.

(By H. E. Hunter.)

I am no necromancer.

If critics ask how I, a watch,
write rhyme?

Why, I have hands, I answer;

I keep right measure, and I keep
good time.

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

And as for my capacity,

Behold the wonderful works my
case contains;

My little wheels' vivacity—

Do these not look akin to life
and brains?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

My wheels revolve untiring

Like those of thought. But mine
with useful aim

Are evermore conspiring

To show forth truth. Are hu-
man thoughts the same?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Observe my works' perfection

Could human heads be opened by
a touch,

Would theirs bear like inspection?

I've nought to hide. Can mor-
tals say as much?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

My course is straight and steady,

Whether I am in public or alone;

Are human watches ready

To have their course of private
action known?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Or say, is not humanity

On some points frailer than the
clock-work classes?

I do not ask from vanity,
But only I make 'minutes' of
what passes.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

I err or stop but rarely;
In wilful fault I never speed
along:

Does man use time as fairly?
And is he not to blame when he
goes wrong?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

My Maker's law I follow;
I make the most of time, how-
ever ample:
Man of religion hollow,
Might'st thou not benefit by my
example?
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Man is my guide and master,
I'm one of his most wonderful
creations;
Yet he wears out much faster,
And dies; while I throb on for
generations,
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Despite man's best endeavor,
Time's withering touch upon his
face appears;
While mine is fresh as ever
Through the long tick of all these
many years.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Nothing I know of sorrow,
No change, no pain, no care, dis-
turb my lot:
If I break down to-morrow
My spring can be renewed; which
man's cannot,
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

* * * *

But man has compensations;
No joys, no hopes, can earth to
me impart;
Though full of fine pulsations,
There is no feel within my little
heart.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Man has immortal treasure
To cheer him as he journeys here
below.
Worlds with no time to measure,
Are not the worlds where I can
ever go.
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Little Digger of Weeds.
(Carroll Watson Rankin, in 'Little Folks.')

'Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven,' counted Marian, with a long sigh. 'Three more to make a hundred!'

Little Marian in her gingham-slip gown, armed with a strong kitchen knife, was digging out dandelions for two cents a hundred. It was in the little green plot between the walk and the curbing. She had it free from weeds now and she was to dig nowhere else. She had dug out some with the knife and some with her sturdy little fingers, lying flat on the ground. The little strip had been kept so well mowed that the dandelions grew very low and close in among the short grass and were not easy to take out. She would have liked to go over and dig in the schoolyard across the way, for there the dandelions were big and strong, each one crowned with fluffy blossoms, but she had been told to do her digging in that small green plot, so there she stayed.

'Oh, ninety-eight,' cried Marian, spying out a stunted bit of a plant that fairly hugged the ground. 'But, dear me! I don't believe there's another one.'

Still, after a little search, she did discover another tiny mite growing almost under the edge of the sidewalk.

'Ninety-nine! Now, if I could get just one more!' sighed Marian, examining the grass with an anxious eye. 'Who'd ever s'pose that dandelions would go and sow just ninety-nine of themselves, and then stop short?'

'Hello!' said Johnny Briggs, stopping short at sight of the little figure lying on the ground. 'What's the matter with you?'

Johnny Briggs was a new boy just moved into their block.

Marian told him. 'And I don't s'pose I'll ever get that two cents,' she said, 'though I lack only one; but there isn't a single one more!'

'Does your mother always count things?' asked Johnny.

'No,' said the little girl. 'She just asks how many, and I tell her.'

'Then it's easy enough,' said Johnny. 'She'd be sure, just look-

ing at them, that there must be as many as a hundred!'

'Johnny Briggs!'

'Anyway,' suggested Johnny, red spots coming into his cheeks, 'how do you know you didn't make a mistake when you counted?'

'I know I didn't,' said Marian. 'I counted 'em nine times.'

'See here, wait a minute!' said Johnny; and away he darted across the street.

'There!' cried he, returning with a dandelion plant and tossing it into Marian's basket. 'Now you are all right.'

'No, I'm not,' said Marian, shaking her curly head. 'Johnny Briggs, I think you're a kind boy; but I guess you're not honest. If you're going to live in our block, I hope you'll be honest. You see we're trying to make our block the nicest block in this street. That's why mamma and I are digging out our weeds.'

'I'm pretty honest,' said Johnny, who was also pretty red. 'And say,' he called back at the gate, 'I s'pose, maybe, every time I see a dandelion I'll think about keeping the block nice!'

Little Marian sat on the ground a few minutes longer, thinking about Johnny Briggs. 'I guess he'll be a nice boy to have in the block,' she thought. She liked very much what he had said at the gate.

When Marian carried her pan of weeds to her mother, she said: 'Mamma, there's only ninety-nine in this hundred; but there isn't one left to dig. Couldn't I do something else to make up for that other dandelion?'

'Yes,' said her mother, smiling. 'You may run and wash my only little girl's hands for me and then bring me my purse.'

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LESSON V.—AUGUST 2.

Samuel Anoints David.

I. Samuel xvi., 4-13.

Golden Text.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. I. Samuel xvi., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 27.—I. Sam. xvi., 1-13.
 Tuesday, July 28.—I. Sam. xvi., 14-23.
 Wednesday, July 29.—Ps. cxix., 1-16.
 Thursday, July 30.—Luke xix., 12-26.
 Friday, July 31.—Ps. lxxxix., 19-29.
 Saturday, Aug. 1.—Acts xiii., 16-23.
 Sunday, Aug. 2.—I. Chron. xxviii., 1-10.

4. And Samuel did that which the Lord spake and came to Bethlehem. And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?

5. And he said, Peaceably: I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord: Sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice.

6. And it came to pass when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely the Lord's anointed is before him.

7. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

8. Then Jesse called Abinadab, and made him pass before Samuel. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

9. Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

10. Again Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these.

11. And Samuel said unto Jesse, are here all thy children? And he said, there remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him for we will not sit till he come hither.

12. And he sent and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he.

13. Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren; and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up, and went to Ramah.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

As we have learned, Saul proved unworthy as a king, because he was disobedient to the commandments of God. Samuel told him that the kingdom should be taken from his house.

The kingdom was not taken from Saul at once. Sometimes, in the Bible, we find a statement to the effect that such and such a thing is done, when in reality it is to our minds only determined upon. But failure is not possible with God, and when he has decided upon an act it becomes a certainty, though he may see fit to delay the performance of it until later. Saul had lost his kingdom, though he actually continued in his high office for some time afterwards.

The time of the events of this lesson are not positively known, but, as is true of several recent lessons, these things occurred in the eleventh century before Christ. It may help those of you who have studied ancient history, to say that

David was born about a century after the Trojan war, according to calculation.

It is but a short time since we studied about the choice of Saul to be king over Israel. His career as Israel's first king began with promise, as far as he was personally concerned, for he was favored of God and man. But he fell short in the matter of obedience to God, and now he was closing his career in gloom, under the disfavor of God, and knowing he must go down in history as a failure, and that, too, through his own fault.

But who was to succeed him? In today's lesson there comes upon the scene one of the great men of Bible history, a man who left his impress upon all time after him. David is one of the most widely quoted men in the world, and his Psalms are sung and repeated wherever the Bible is known. David was destined to be a great king, a contributor to the Bible, and an ancestor of the Saviour.

Bethlehem, the place where the events we are to consider now took place, was a small city, five miles south of Jerusalem. Here Rachel was buried, and this was the scene of the beautiful love story told in the book of Ruth. But more than by these things was the little city to be honored, for here, long centuries later, Christ the Saviour was born.

Samuel had been commanded by the Lord to come to Bethlehem, as he had provided a king from among the sons of Jesse, and Samuel was to anoint him. The aged prophet feared that if it was learned that he had anointed a new king, the jealous Saul might take vengeance upon him. But God commanded him to take a heifer and say that he came to sacrifice so that by giving one of the reasons for his going to Bethlehem, he might keep the other to himself.

As we read over the ten verses of our lesson we find it naturally divides itself into three parts:

1. Samuel's Arrival in Bethlehem. 4, 5.

2. The Rejected Sons. 6-10.

3. David Chosen. 11-13.

The entire chapter is full of interesting facts, connected with the anointing of David, and should be read before the regular study of the lesson is taken up.

'And the elders of the town trembled,' etc.—It is supposed that Samuel was accustomed to visit a place to rebuke sin and wrong-doing, and, as he was still a man of great influence and power, the thought that he was among them for some such purpose caused not a little uneasiness among the chief men of the place. But the venerable prophet quickly reassures them, and says that he comes to sacrifice unto the Lord.

The sacrifice here referred to consisted of a feast, a portion of which was 'set aside and consecrated to the Lord, in token of his communion with his people.'

Samuel bade the elders to 'sanctify' themselves, that is, wash and clothe themselves preparatory to this ceremonial feast. He, himself, took charge of the preparation of the family of Jesse, to whom he had been especially sent.

Now Samuel begins to look upon the sons of Jesse to find among them the future king of Israel. Seven of Jesse's eight sons were present. When Samuel saw Eliab, he thought at once that the Lord's anointed was before him. But in the soul of the prophet God speaks, telling him not to look upon the countenance nor stature of the man, as he had refused him.

What the cause of this refusal was we know not, but it was enough that Eliab was not the one God wanted, and so Samuel must be content to pass on.

Man, indeed, 'looketh on the outward appearance.' God knew the heart of Eliab and those of his six brothers present, and he knew the heart of the shepherd boy out among his sheep.

But when the seventh son has been refused, the old father is asked if these were all of his children. Then Jesse tells of the youngest who is away keeping the sheep. The father does not seem to have considered it necessary to call David, the shepherd boy, from his work, for this cere-

mony to be conducted by the prophet, but Samuel declares that they will not sit down without him.

That is, they would not sit down to the ceremonial feast without David. So David was summoned. His physical beauty, as in the case of Saul, made him 'goodly to look to.' Stanley says of David: 'He was of short stature. He had red or auburn hair. His bright eyes are especially mentioned, and generally he was remarkable for the grace of his figure and countenance, well made and of immense strength and agility.'

When he appeared, the Lord said, 'Arise, anoint him: for this is he.' So Samuel took the horn of anointing oil and anointed David to be King of Israel.

Then 'the Spirit came upon David from that day forward.' When God appoints for service, he also gives his Spirit that the one called may have power.

The teacher will have little difficulty in connecting this event in the life of David with the coming long afterward of 'King David's greater Son,' who was born in this same Bethlehem.

Next week the lesson is, 'David and Goliath,' I. Samuel xvii., 38-49.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Aug. 2.—Topic—Lessons from Paul: how we may overcome our hindrances. II. Cor. xii., 7-10; 10-10.

Junior C. E. Topic

SERVING CHRIST AT HOME.

Monday, July 27.—By obedience. Col. iii., 20.

Tuesday, July 28.—By sympathy. I. Peter iii., 8.

Wednesday, July 29.—By truthfulness. Eph. iv., 25.

Thursday, July 30.—By wisdom. Prov. xxvii., 11.

Friday, July 31.—By affection. Ruth i., 16, 17.

Saturday, Aug. 1.—By Christlikeness. Eph. iv., 32.

Sunday, Aug. 2.—Topic—How can we serve Christ in our homes? Rom. xii., 9, 10; I. Peter v., 5.

What is the Sunday-School?

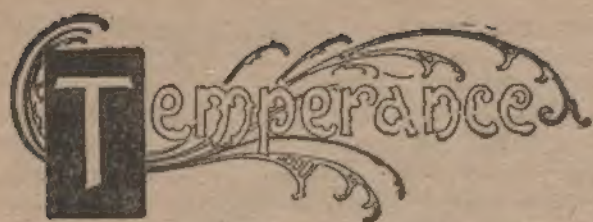
It is the Church co-operating with the Family and the Pulpit in wisely conducted conversations with individuals in the attempt to illustrate and apply the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. Its teachers should enjoy as far as possible the best fruits of all these fields of study; but the Sunday-school is simply one of the departments of church activity that supplements the work of the family and the pulpit in the application and enforcement of the ethical and spiritual contents of the Holy Scriptures, for the promotion of a true spiritual life; and all this through personal conversation, and by the most thorough teaching processes.

It follows from this that the teacher should be well prepared; that he should account himself an assistant pastor; that he should know as intimately as possible the parents and the home life of his pupils. And these pupils he should know and love. His work being spiritual, he should be earnest and prayerful. To command the respect of his pupils and their parents, he should be a man of knowledge. He must be thoroughly social, since his work is chiefly conversational both in the class and in the pastoral calls. He must care for each individual, since his best work is with units. Their personal needs and peculiarities he 'must' know.—J. H. Vincent, D.D.

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A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking. The death of his brother Willie has aroused the remnant of his manhood, and he is now himself resolved to break the habit.]

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Although strictly watchful eyes were upon him during the day of the funeral, he was allowed to be present, as he had been allowed out of his room on the day of his brother's death, which had occurred within twenty-four hours after the fatal meal of which he had partaken. It was, therefore, with the sincerest and most tender resolves that he put his arms round his mother's neck and sobbed: 'O, mamma, I am going to be good—I am, I am—just like Willie. I'm going to take his place to you, and I'm going to be just as I used to be. Please pray with me that God will help me.'

'Claude,' said his mother earnestly, 'if you keep your word I shall never again question or rebel against any sorrow that God sees fit to send me.'

'Claude means well,' remarked Ralph to Alice, after he had been talking with his brother, 'but there is one thing about his penitence which makes me uneasy as to his power of carrying out his resolves.'

'You mean that he is no longer capable of maintaining strength of will and resolution, or depth of resolve?'

'Exactly; I can't just put it into words, but I mean that something is not in him. There is no ground to work on, no depth to grow from. Take a naturally well-principled and honest drunkard, who had fallen so low—apart from all Claude's other wickedness, as to have been a steady pilferer and sneak-thief, taking every cent he could find from his self-sacrificing mother's hardly-gathered little hoards and a working sister's little savings, besides every other cent he could lay his hands on about the house, or whatever he could find not belonging to him that he could turn into money—why, I tell you that drunkard, when sobered up, would want to go and bury himself in a hole in a very agony of remorse. He could not look a fellow-being in the eye for shame. He would beg to be sent where he might not meet the gaze or hear the voice of an honest man. But, although I give Claude credit for being as remorseful as it is now in him to be, he is not weighted down with horror for the past. He actually doesn't seem to realize the awful depth of mire into which he has sunk. When I talk to him he can discuss openly and almost cheerfully his misdeeds—at least those which have been found out—but I do not believe a word he says about having made a full confession of everything. He seems to me the most baffling, unconcerned and artful liar I ever knew.'

'Can it be that Claude is one of those natural criminals, or degenerates—sort of moral idiots whom we often read about nowadays?' queried the sad-faced sister.

'That question has often presented itself to me,' answered Ralph. 'Claude is now at an age most trying to all youths, good and bad. It is at this crossing-place from boyhood to manhood that character is more rapidly moulded and developed than at any other time. Everything depends at this period upon careful, prayerful, healthful influence and environment in order to es-

tablish a character of permanency for good or evil. In the case of his being a moral degenerate to start with, it would be at this period of his life that natural evils which had lain dormant during his childhood, would now assert themselves. Still I greatly doubt Claude's having any screw seriously loose in his natural moral capacity. The very shape and expression of his head, features, hands and eyes would cry down that theory. By the way, have you noticed the physical change in him during the last year or two—the narrowing forehead, brutal expression, shifty eyes, and bold yet slouching gait? I admit that Claude may have lacked stamina, may not have had a sufficiently deep and serious appreciation of right and wrong—you know it always seemed to be his nature to do the right thing without effort or consideration—as a child, evil never seemed to have any attraction or temptation for him. If he only had been a soundly-converted follower of Christ, with soundly-engrafted principles on the subject of smoking and other evils which lie in wait to trip the unwary, it would all have been so different. But those deadly cigarettes got hold of him before he had left his careless childhood behind and got in their work during the character-forming, mind-forming, and body forming period, and now all we can do is to pray for a miracle of grace.'

Claude was a problem to the family. What could be done with him? They dared not let him take a situation of any kind and expose him to outside temptation in his present weakened moral state. School was out of the question for the time being. There were other boys who smoked, and Claude would be sure of a chance to break out again, and thus undo the weary work of weeks. Besides, he was incapable of serious study. Keep him at home and watch him? Idleness was the very gravest danger of all, and even in this alternative Claude would be able to elude them all, did he so desire. They could not always keep him imprisoned in his room. However, after the funeral, he was put back to that refuge for another fortnight, as Ralph was anxious to give him every possible opportunity to complete the beginnings of a cure, and he had learned better than to take any chances on either Claude's promises or his undoubted desire to reform. Anti-narcotic remedies were also employed to facilitate the cure, and of course Doctor Meredith and his daughter, Clara, were in the Kilgours' confidence. Strangers and acquaintances who missed Claude were told, where evasion of questions was impossible, that he was under treatment for nervous disorder (which was strictly true, as his nerves were shattered) and must be kept quiet for a few weeks, without seeing people. A report, naturally enough, crept about that Claude Kilgour had an attack of St. Vitus' dance, and the family were only too thankful that the neighbors had found so satisfactory a solution to the problem of Claude's temporary disappearance from society.

The experiment did Claude a world of good, at least so far as his appetite was concerned. He had actually passed more than a month without inhaling a solitary whiff of the destroyer. He was a little pale and languid from his long confinement, but was not at all seriously injured, for Ralph, busy young man as he was, had the window thrown open wide for half-an-hour at morning, noon and evening while he accompanied the prisoner in brisk club and dumb-bell exercise, which, with Claude's cold bath and plenty of simple, nourishing food kept him sufficiently invigorated. Besides, Alice and her mother saw to it that he was not left alone for any length of time and that he was provided with constant reading and employment.

'Only let us get the habit fairly broken,' said Ralph, 'and his mind and heart will gradually recover sufficiently for us to begin a reform in earnest, but we must be patient.'

One thing greatly encouraged them, while it could hardly be expected that Claude's morals and mentality had made more than a forced and temporary start,

the boy himself was enthusiastically determined on the resolve never to let another cigarette pass his lips. The horrible longing was past now, the suffering broken, even all ordinary desire gone, and Claude had sufficient wit and sense left to resolve mightily that he would never again be foolishly wicked enough voluntarily to re-enslave himself.

(To be continued.)

Temperance Inspiration.

On the menu cards of Pullman dining cars on transcontinental trains the names of certain states are printed with the statement that wines and liquors will not be sold in them. Kansas is one of these states. That the rule is never violated we would not undertake to say, for liquor sellers as a class would violate any rule or law.

It is some satisfaction, however, to have deference paid even nominally to a law and a state which prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational influence of such a custom is worth something, and in Kansas we believe that prohibition is much more than a name, in spite of the fact that the dominant parties seem afraid to execute the law in a rigorous manner.

The following declarations have been gathered by somebody, and are well worth careful reading just for the temperance inspiration there is in them:

Prof. James H. Canfield, of Kansas state university, and president of the National Educational association, says: 'When I began work in the state university in Lawrence, twelve years ago, every student was obliged to pass thirteen saloons on his way to the post-office for his daily mail. There is not now a saloon in this city of 12,000 people, nor anything that corresponds to a saloon. The mass of our school children never saw a saloon, and do not know what it means. The moral sense of the community has so risen and has been so tempered that no conceivable conditions or circumstances could ever again make the saloon-keeper or the bar-clerk respectable.'

Judge W. C. Webb, one of the ablest jurists in the state, said: 'I voted in 1890 against the prohibitory amendment. For four or five years afterward I thought my opinion as to probable results was likely to be vindicated. But it is not so now. Prohibition has driven out of Kansas the open saloon, and has accomplished a vast deal of good—a thousand-fold more than any license law ever did or ever could. The whisky traffic never had a single virtue nor a possible merit. It was permitted only as a preferable to a worse evil, the prevailing idea for many generations being that unless licensed and taxed, and so brought within the control or restraint of law, it would be absolutely free to damn and curse and kill the human family. Now that it has been demonstrated that the law can and will prohibit its open and public sale, and prohibit the running of drunkard-making and beggar-making mills, there is no longer any occasion for men to choose between evils, for they can choose the good; and prohibition has proven to be and is unmistakably as good compared with open saloons.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Carnegie's Temperance Attitude.

(The Herald and Presbyterian.)

Andrew Carnegie recently wrote to Dr. Cuyler, sending him a generous donation to the National Temperance Society. In his letter, he told him of the interest he had in the cause, and said: 'The best temperance lecture I have delivered lately was my offer of ten percent premium on their wages to all employees on my Scottish estates who will abstain from intoxicating liquors.' The fact is worthy of general attention. It shows how one successful business man estimates the difference in value between drinking and abstinent workmen, and how he emphasizes his estimates. It is a good suggestion.

Correspondence

Stanley Mills, Ont.

Dearest Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger' before. I read all the letters in it, and I am very much interested. My sister went to Woodbridge Sunday school, and she got some 'Northern Messengers.' She brought them home, and I read all the stories in them. I like the continued story in the 'Messenger,' and also the others. I am more than pleased with my Bible. Mother says it is a real beauty. I have seven sisters and four brothers, and my father and mother are both living. My eldest sister is married, and has one little girl just two days older than my youngest sister. Last winter I was sleigh riding down a very steep hill at my friend's, and I broke my leg, and was in bed for three weeks. My leg is not strong yet. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on December 18.

HATTIE LOUISE M.

Otter Lake, Que.

Dear Editor,—My auntie Carrie sent me the 'Messenger' last year, and now I am going to renew it myself. I am a little girl five years and a half old, and I can read a little. I love to hear the little letters in the 'Messenger.' I saw one from my little cousin Cora in it. I have five brothers. I go to church every Sunday, but we have no Sunday-school here now. My three oldest brothers are in the States, one in Montana and two in Minnesota. They all work on the train as brakemen. My father took a trip last summer to Montana, and we intend going to live there in the Fall, and I will have the 'Messenger' sent out there, for we all like it so well. My grandfather used to take it long ago. I have one grandpa living, and one grandma, who is here visiting us now. We live on a farm. I have a dog that draws me on my sleigh in the winter, and a horse that I can drive myself where the roads are good. My brother got five new subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I think every little boy and girl should read the stories in the 'Messenger.'

ANNIE MAY F.

Argyle P.O.

Dear Editor,—My sister-in-law has taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and I like to read it so much. I live in Winnipeg, but I am out at my brother's for my vacation. I do think it is a pleasure to get out here and read the 'Messenger.' I used to live in Argyle, but a year ago we moved to Winnipeg. I go to the Victoria school, and I am in the fifth grade. I am eleven years of age, and my birthday is on October 14.

ETHEL C.

Lawrencetown, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Now it is vacation here. We, that is, my mother and I, and my only sister, are planning to go to visit my grandmother and my auntie and uncle. It is quite cold here now for July. I go to school, and I am eight. I will be nine in August. I am in the fifth grade. I think 'A Fight Against Odds' is a very nice story. I have always liked the 'Messenger.' My father is a sea captain. He is sailing for Rosario now. He always takes a southern voyage. I have one sister, and I have a cat. We all of us think our cat very nice. My sister is seven years old. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. We live very near the school-house: there is just about twelve yards or so from the school-house. My chief friend is G. W. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same day as mine, August 27.

MARGUERITE BISHOP W.

Roach Vale, Guysboro' Co.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' since last December, and am highly pleased with it. I

think it is getting better all the time. It has such beautiful stories about boys and girls, and then there is a page for the little folks. I always look at that first, and the Correspondence. I don't know who all the boys and girls are, but somehow I feel that we are getting acquainted by reading the 'Messenger.' I live with my grandpa most of the time, because I think I have the kindest grandpa in the country. He has a farm, and is raising four calves this summer. They are beauties. He has twenty sheep, and they all have lambs. He had twelve pairs of twin lambs this spring. We have a big horse, whose name is Harrie Ailson, and a big dog called Kruger, and a cat we call Billie. My own home is about half a mile from grandpa's. We have a nice school-house and two churches. I think Roach Vale is a very pretty place. Salmon river passes through it, and there is a lovely mountain on the south side.

VERNON C. H.

Hymers, New Ont.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Maple Leaf Club. I wonder how many of the members have had their arm broken. I have. I was playing on the ice when I did it. It was two years ago last Christmas. I have three brothers and three sisters. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on the 13th of May. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. I have not got any pets like most of the members. I live on a farm, five miles from the railway station. There is a man who has a saw-mill here, but has not got it put up yet. I have not read many books, but I think the reason that the girls have read so many is because they have lots of time.

CLARENCE E. P.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—Hurrah for the holidays! I am so glad they have come, because I can put away my books, go to picnics, and have a jolly good time. I must tell you about a picnic we were at this week: it was to the Island on Dominion Day, and mamma thought the little girl next door would like to come, too. I asked her, and of course she did not refuse. When we got there, what attracted our attention was a tiny little pug dog which was tied by a long, narrow strap to an umbrella stuck in the ground. It was very playful, and would jump on us when we came near it. Of course I went on the merry-go-round; in fact, once was not enough for me. I wonder if the other boys and girls enjoy it as much as I do. I am in the junior fourth class at school, and am ten years old. Dear me! this letter is getting too long, so I think I had better say 'good-bye.'

GLADYS P.

P.S.—I will try to write a better one next time.—G.P.

(I hope you will all write as long letters as you can.—Ed.)

Adair, I.T.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from the Indian Territory. I am a Cherokee, and live in the Territory, and I thought I would write. Our dear Aunt Mary in Maine sends the 'Messenger' to my brother, so we all read it. I am nine years old, and have two sisters and one brother. I am in the fifth reader and history. It is vacation now, and I am taking music lessons. We have two Sunday-schools in our little town. We all go every Sunday if it does not rain. Next Friday our teachers are going to give us ice-cream served in a tent in our yard. Then we will have our pictures taken. I am going to try to get some subscribers for the 'Messenger,' so I can get a Bagster Bible.

JESSIE W.

Homeville, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. I live on a farm near the Atlantic ocean. We have taken the 'Messenger' for thirty years, and it is a real nice paper. We live ten miles from the

town of Glace Bay. We raise potatoes, turnips, plums, apples, cranberries and currants. Homeville is a very pretty place when the apple trees are in blossom and the grass green, and the wild flowers out. There are wild daisies, violets, lilies, and other flowers here. I have five brothers and one sister. I go to school and am in the fifth reader.

ALICE L. H. (age 11).

Stonewall, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and my birthday is on July 11. We live in the village of Stonewall, which has four churches, one hotel, and a school. I am in the fifth book. I take up Canadian History, Prairie Agriculture and Grammar, etc. I have a small brother just learning to talk. He can say quite a few words. I like very much to see the train go by. The track is right beside our place, and we can feel the house shake when it goes by. I will now close my letter, as I have got to do my homework.

FLORENCE V. F.

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The following are the contents of the issue of July 11, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Pope on the Opening Century—Poem, written New Year's Eve, 1900.
The Work of Leo XIII.—The New York 'Evening Post.'
A Constitutional and Educational Solution of the Negro Problem—A Suggestion by Charles A. Gardiner.
An Epoch-Making Paper—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Negro and the Ballot—The New York 'Commercial Advertiser.'
Cardinal Vaughan—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A Prince of Impresarios—The Boston 'Transcript.'
The Old Furniture Restorer—'Chambers's Journal,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Strauss and Elgar in London—By Ernest Newman, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Music by Machinery—By G. C. A. Jonson, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Three Periods of Beethoven—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Wind Song—By Christian Burke, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Gipsy Mother-Song—By May Byron, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Fatherhood—Poem, by R. Le Gallienne.
Mr. Bliss Carman—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Under Which Flag?—Boston Claims Bliss Carman—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Art of Packing—By Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly,' London.
'A Londoner's Daily Round'—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Yarns of Seafarers—By Edgar O. Smith, of the Merchant Marine, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Sir Henry Auckland—The 'Daily News,' London.
Experiments: What Is It?—John Charles O'Connor, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
What are College Students Reading?—By James H. Canfield, Librarian of Columbia University, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
What College Students Read—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Can Birds Count?—The 'Westminster Budget.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

Family Prayers.

('Sunday-School times.')

As all gathered for family worship, after breakfast, in that home, the father, opening the Bible to the place for the day, would ask one of the children, 'What did you read about yesterday morning?' The child would begin the story of yesterday's lesson. Then another child would be asked to take up the lesson where the first child left off. In that way the day before's lesson was reviewed and brought freshly to mind, and all were ready for the new day's Bible lesson. Then all who could read found their place for the day in the Bible. Father and mother and children read. If a child could not read, the father read a verse, and the child repeated the words. Difficult words were explained, all the reading through. At the close the father asked, 'What have we been reading about?' Children in turn told what had been read. Then the father led in prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer by all. Thus day by day, the lessons were linked, and all knew the lesson that had been read. That plan was found pleasant to all.

Waiting for the Baby.

A troopship in Southampton, with 1,800 soldiers on board, had got steam up, and was ready to start at the appointed hour. But there was one thing lacking—a very little thing—only a baby!

Its mother was on board all right. She had come on by an early train to do some pressing business at Southampton; the nurse was to follow on with the baby by the next train, and she was too late for it. The mother was distracted.

'I must go by this ship,' she wailed, 'and how can I go without my little baby? It's only six months old. Oh, captain! What shall I do?'

The captain had babies of his own, and he was, moreover, a brave tender-hearted man; so that baby's little hand held back the big ship and the eighteen hundred warriors, and all else on board. It was not long before the train came steaming in, and behold! there was the nurse with the baby in her arms, and those 1,800 men sent up a ringing cheer of welcome to it. —Gospel News.

School Pupils' Dissipations

Teachers generally agree on one thing: they say let night entertainments, if they have to occur in the school child's life, come on Friday or Saturday night, but do not let them break in on study days. One teacher tells me she would much prefer it did not occur at all, and she points out as her best student the rosy-faced, plainly-gowned little girl with her hair neatly parted and hanging in a long braid down her back.

'Not only my best pupil,' she adds, 'but my best girl; sweet tempered, courteous and kind to all her fellows, rich or poor. She is simple in her manners as in her clothes, and just a girl, not a young lady, yet. You ask why? Simply because she has a lovely, wise, womanly mother, with

the best interests of her child and the interests of the whole school at heart, yet she is one of the wealthiest women in the city.'—'Good Housekeeping.'

The Home Light.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
So tender is its shining,
So soft it follows through the night,
Our weary road outlining.
Though lonely and for years we roam,
Far from the ones who love us,
Yet ever shines the light of home,
Like God's grace spread above us.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
Through life it follows, seeming,
Yet when with age the hair is white,
Clear in the front 'tis gleaming.
It shines from where our loved ones are,
Oh, this is love's divining!
And through the gates of heaven ajar
At last we see it shining!

—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis 'Republican.'

Selected Recipes

Baked Indian Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk and pour it gradually on three tablespoonfuls of granulated Indian meal. Put it back into a double boiler and boil one hour, stirring often. Then add one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of molasses, two eggs and one quart of cold milk. Mix well, pour into a well-buttered dish and bake one hour. Serve cream with it.

A Delicious Cake.—Beat a quarter of a pound of fresh butter to a cream with a wooden spoon, then add by degrees a quarter of a pound of sugar, and continue to beat the mixture until it is quite white; then stir in the yolk of an egg, and when this is thoroughly blended with the butter and sugar add a second yolk in the same way. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of the eggs and whisk them to a very stiff froth.

Have ready the grated rinds of two large lemons, add them to the cake mixture, and then stir in lightly the whites of the eggs and four ounces of flour, and lastly half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter a cake tin, pour in the cake mixture, and bake it at once in a well-heated oven. If the cake becomes brown too quickly after it has risen it should be protected with a thick piece of white paper. To ascertain if the cake is sufficiently done thrust a knife into the middle of it; if when it is withdrawn it is quite clean the cake is ready to be taken out of the oven, and should be turned onto a sieve to cool. —'Philadelphia Ledger.'

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